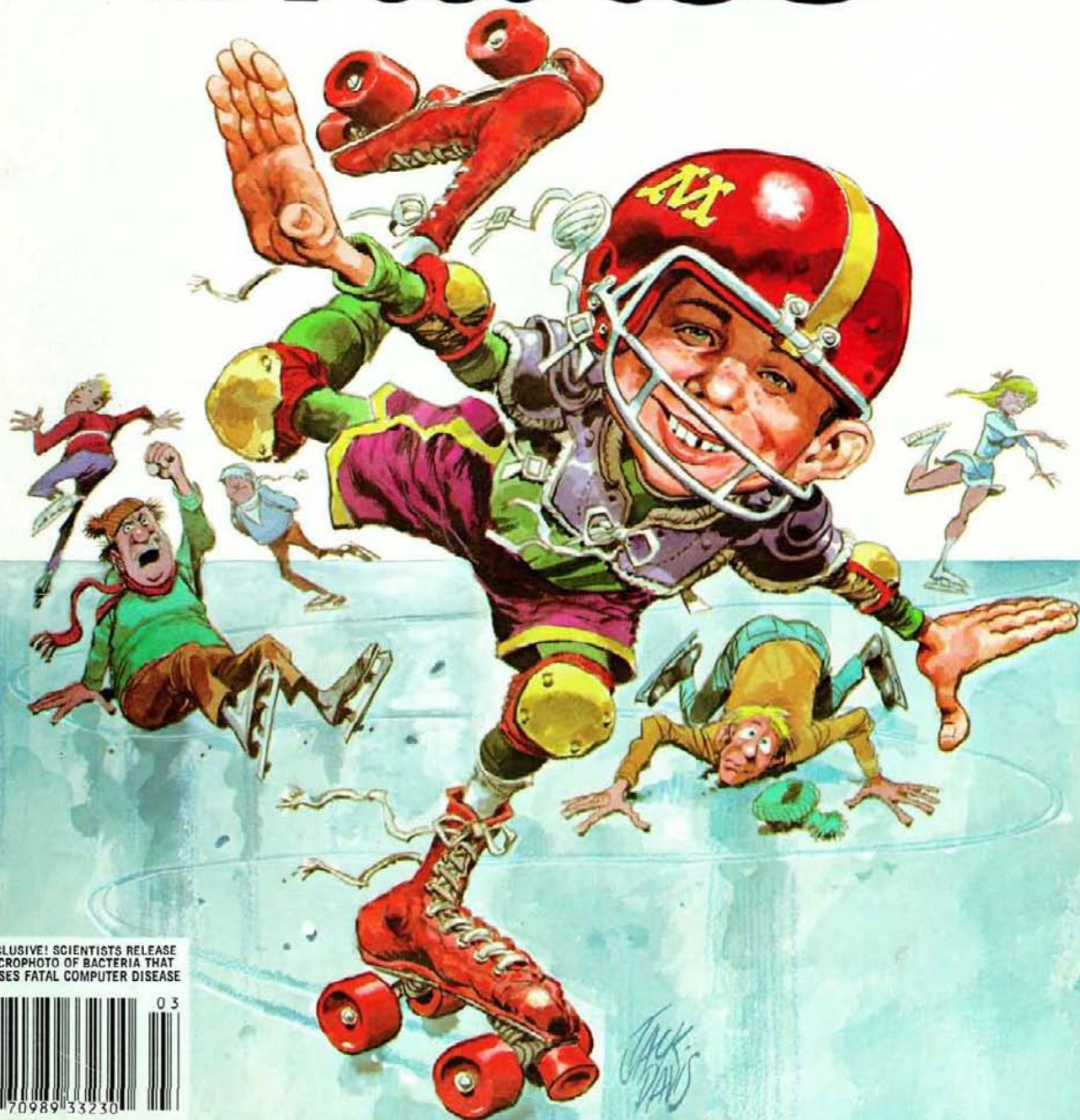


OUR VERSION OF "MOONRAKER" A SLAP AT "ROCKY II" SERGIO ARAGONES AL JAFFEE DON MARTIN
...AND THE USUAL GANG OF IDIOTS ARE ALL IN THIS ISSUE OF...

No.
213
March
'80

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"A racetrack is where the windows clean the people!"

—Alfred E. Neuman

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS

the usual gang of idiots

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WE'RE RUNNING OUT!

Yep, we're running out to lunch now! There's just enough time to let you know that full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What-Me Worry?" kid—suitable for framing or wrapping fish—are still available! They'll always be available! No matter what little catchy "lead line" we come up with! Just mail in 35c for 1, 75c for 3, \$1.55 for 9, \$3.15 for 27 or \$6.35 for 81 to: MAD 485 MADison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022



LETTERS DEPT.



THEY LAUGH WHEN THEY SIT DOWN TO PLAY

Your magazine is definitely the preferred reading material as my piano students wait until it's their turn for a lesson. More than one returns to the couch after the lesson, to finish reading it before calling their Moms to come pick them up. I feel good about having it there for them to read. It's probably the most thought-provoking and truly intelligent reading material that most of them get to see all month.

Mary Ann Stewart
Anchorage, Alaska

MAD OVERRATED-UNDERRATED BOOK

I thought "The MAD Overrated-Underrated Book" was underrated because it only went two pages!

Kathy Sherman
Mason, Ohio

Fay Wray is overrated, Jessica Lange is underrated. Steve Martin is overrated, Rodney Dangerfield is underrated. Margot Kidder is overrated, Michelle J. Caprara is underrated!

Michelle J. Caprara
Detroit, Michigan

On reporting National and International problems and commenting on them, *Time Magazine* is overrated, *MAD Magazine* is underrated.

Casey Hermanson
Rapid City, S.D.

MAD is overrated, its readers are underrated!

David O'Brien
Oakland, N.J.

A MAD LOOK AT DOORS

"A MAD Look At Doors" was just "door-ling"!

Jill Kramer
Woodstock, N.Y.

"A MAD Look At Doors" was an open and shut case.

Brian Smith
Carney's Point, N.J.

THE MAD AD-MAN'S SAMPLER

Henry Clark's "The MAD Ad-Man's Sampler" is a letter-perfect article!

Chris Eglinski
Avon Lake, Ohio

YELLOW PAGES THROUGH HISTORY

Greatly ENjoyed Tom KOch's "The PAleolithic Telephone Company's YELLOW PAGES." HE IS TO BE COMMENDED FOR HIS USE OF EXchange NAMES. OUR Telephone Service HAS BEEN VERY DULL Since THE Disappearance OF SUCH GREATS AS: PLaza, MURray Hill, LOcust, Fillmore, MUtual, Pilgrim, TRinity, AND OF COURSE THAT ALL TIME CLASSIC FROM PHILadelphia: PENNypacker! Looking Forward TO MORE Yellow PAGES Through History ARTicles.

Angus McIntyre
Vancouver, B.C.

WHEN WOMEN TAKE OVER MOVIES

I enjoyed "When Women Take Over Movies Completely." It's about time someone realized that we're tired of seeing films like *Annie Hall*, *Coming Home*, *Turning Point*, and shows like *Angie*, *One Day At A Time*, and *Laverne & Shirley*. But I really get sick when they make Miss Piggy a star for simply being a female chauvinist pig!

Jim Miller
Sarnia, Ont.
Canada

MAD'S INGENIOUS PLAN FOR A MORE EFFICIENT GOVERNMENT

"MAD's Ingenious Plan For A More Efficient Government," along with dozens of related articles from past issues, proves that you guys are more qualified to run for public office than the clowns who are already there. Hint, hint.

Paul Absi
Fitchburg, Mass.

SIBLING MISERY IS...

I just finished reading "Sibling Misery Is..." and I'd like to add an instance. How about when you try out for the Little League team and your little brother makes it instead?

Scott Chankin
Cherry Hill, N.J.

CHIMPs

Lou Silverstone seems to be the only MAD writer who actually watches the TV shows he satirizes. In his funny "CHIMPs" he really captures the flavor and the dialogue of the characters. Mort Drucker does the same with his characters, so how come you clods never team the two of them up?

John Rasch
Pittsfield, Mass.

I went "ape" over Torres's and Silverstone's "CHIMPs". MAD is what makes the world go 'round!

Vern Panci
Butler, Pa.

MARGINAL DOUBLE-VISION

Hey, what happened, guys? You repeated four "Marginals" in your December issue. I wouldn't mind, but Sergio Aragones's "Marginals" are the first things I look for every time. Don't don't make any any silly silly mistakes mistakes like like that that again again!

Craig Shelley
Reseda, Calif.

Sometimes I read MAD instead of watching TV. But today I got 4 re-runs in one issue! Please check out your "Drawn-Out Dramas" on Pages 6 & 18, 7 & 19, 12 & 33, 10 & 22. And I thought that reading was an alternative to TV!

Charles Field
Plantation, Fla.

You're disappointed?! Imagine how "MAD" Sergio Aragones is about the goof! We're making it up in this issue, however, with four additional marginals.—Ed.

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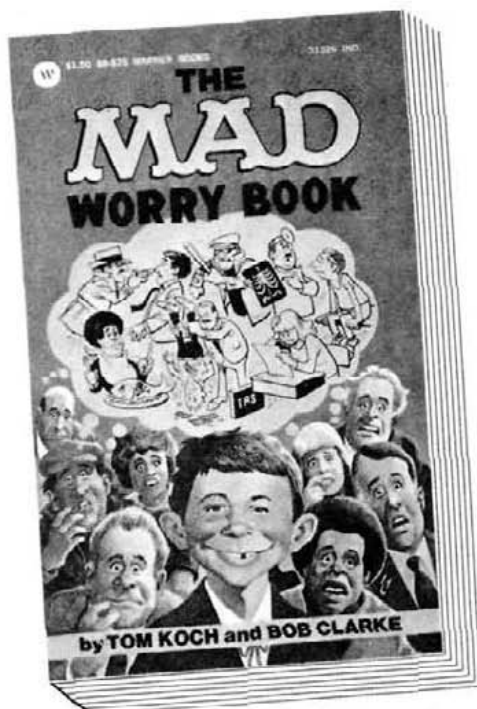


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- ☐ Aragonese's MAD as The Devil
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When Ian Fleming created his "James Bond" character, he gave "007" a license to kill. And when Mr. Fleming signed the rights to his character over to the Producers of what would become a rash of "James Bond" movies, he also gave them a license to kill, mainly his character! Because any resemblance to the movies made using their titles is purely coincidental (and nauseating)! However, you cannot argue with success. Everyone of them including this latest "007" epic is a

007



Why does James Bomb MAKE LOVE all the time?

It's because of his mission to find the PERFECT WOMAN!

And what's HIS idea of the PERFECT WOMAN?

One who's PRETTIER than he is!

My God! Look at those choppers!

I understand he takes very good care of those terrible-looking teeth!

Really? How? He brushes after every meal with Brillo Pads!

There's no one who can defeat James Bomb!

Not so! There IS someone Bomb can't defend himself against!

Oh...? Who's that? Father Time!

Hi! My name is SEAN! Speak up, please! I'm old!

1+2=3
2+3=6
3+3=9

This is my latest invention! This car has an ejector seat, laser guns, radar, sonar—it can go underwater, fly over land and—most important—has a quadrophonic sound system!

Why is a sound system so important?

So you can listen to the music while you're waiting in line for 3 hours to get GAS for this fantastic car!

What are you doing?! You're killing characters from ANOTHER MOVIE! The audience will think this is "STAR WARS II"!

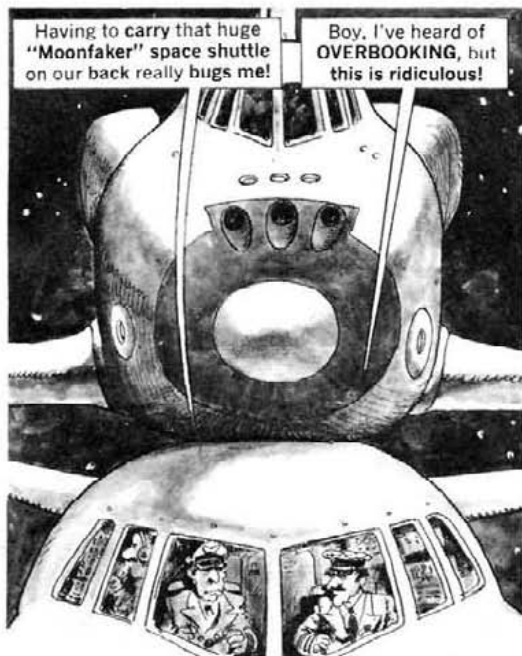
Hah! We should BE so lucky!



ONEYRAKER

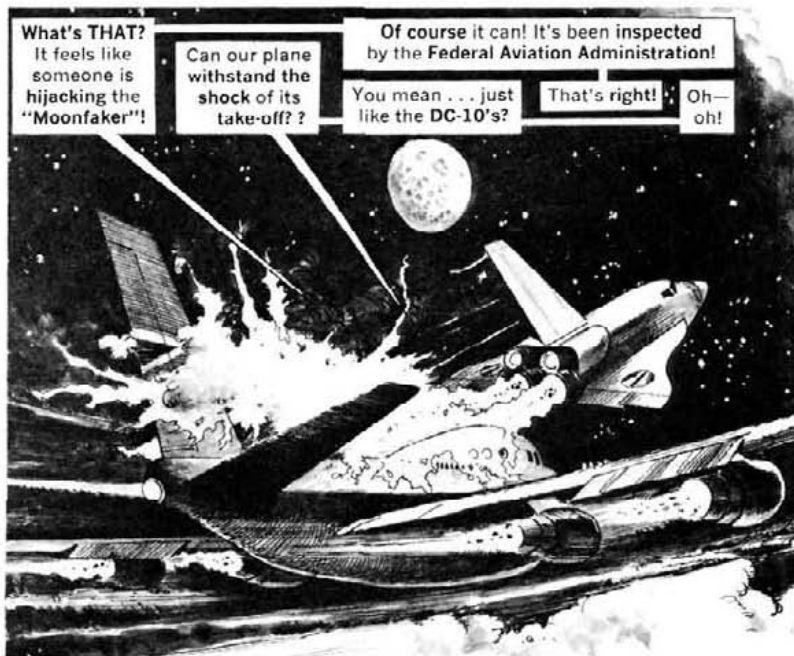
ARTIST:
HARRY NORTH, ESQ.

WRITER: STAN HART



Having to carry that huge "Moonfaker" space shuttle on our back really bugs me!

Boy, I've heard of OVERBOOKING, but this is ridiculous!



What's THAT? It feels like someone is hijacking the "Moonfaker"!

Can our plane withstand the shock of its take-off? ?

Of course it can! It's been inspected by the Federal Aviation Administration!

You mean . . . just like the DC-10's?

That's right! Oh—oh!



Oh, well . . . no one is perfect!

Thanks! That's very comforting!

BAROON



It's so confusing, making love to you in an airplane, James!

Oh? And why is that . . . ?

Because I never know if it's the air turbulence, or your remote, foolish, slightly girlish GRIN that turns my stomach!

Okay, Mr. Bomb. . . prepare to die! Step out that door!

Excellent, Gentlemen! A rather effective way to bring me back down to Earth!



But I have no parachute!!

You'll make better time without one!!



I better catch that guy ahead of me, or this is going to be the shortest, most expensive film ever made!!



Kill!
Kill!
Kill!

Why do you hate James Bomb so much?

He looks exactly like my Orthodontist!



My God... you've taken my chute!! What'll I do?

Try rolling when you hit the ground! It might break your fall!

From 15,000 feet??

You got something to lose by trying?



Well, well! My old adversary, Gnaws! Chewed on any good tin foil lately??

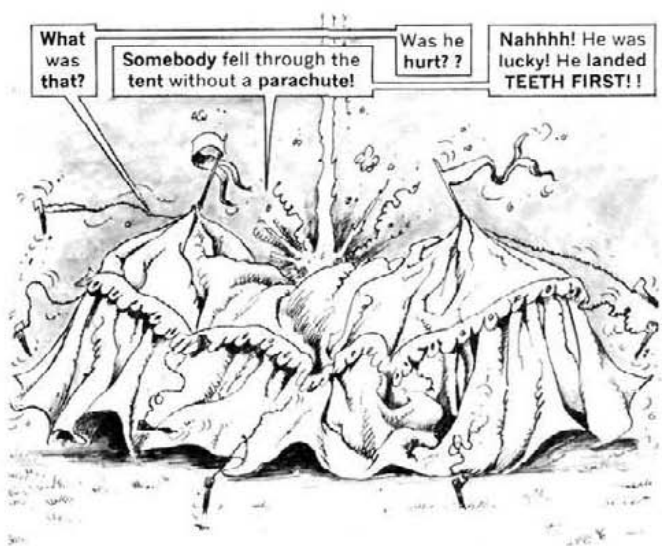
I've never seen that species of bird around here before! Aren't they strange...?

And their mating habits are even stranger! I hope they don't nest in the neighborhood!



So THIS is why they call it a "Rip Cord"!!

RIP-PPP!



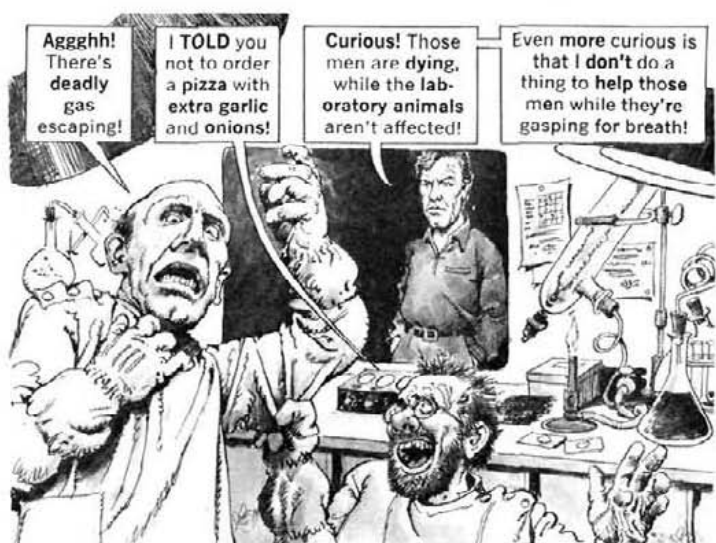
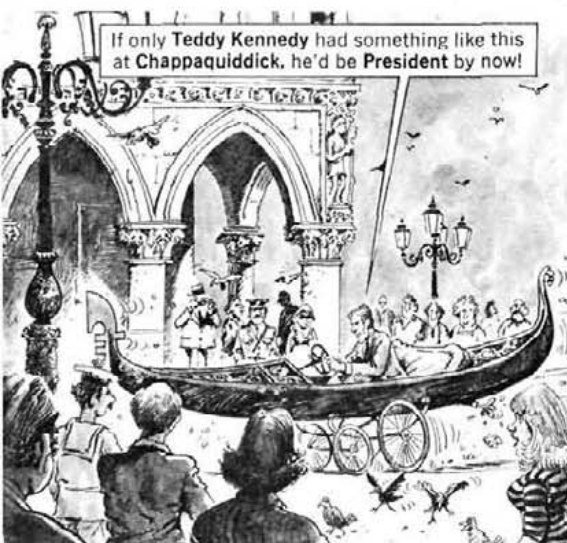
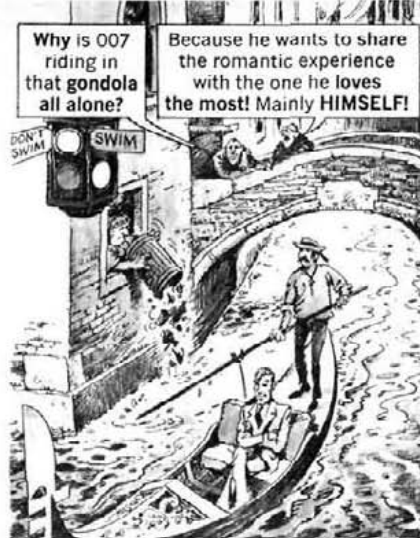
What was that?

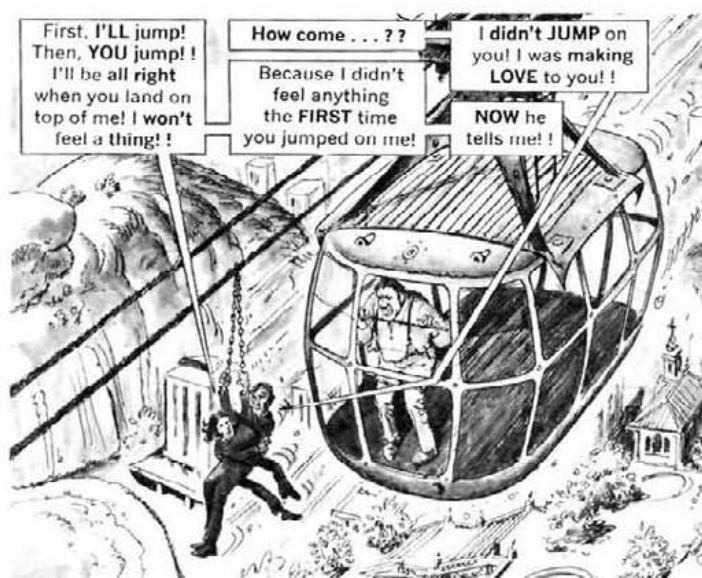
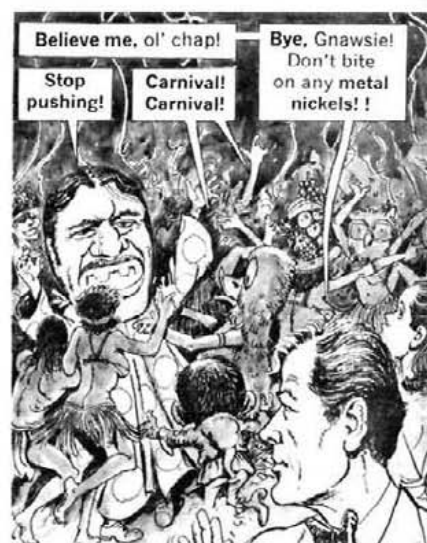
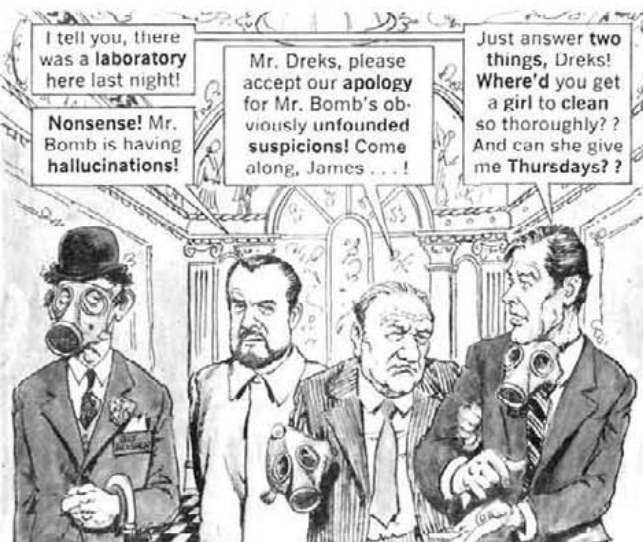
Somebody fell through the tent without a parachute!

Was he hurt??

Nahhhh! He was lucky! He landed **TEETH FIRST!!**







Wow!!
You're
beautiful!

Will you
marry
me?

And we'll have a
family! I can see
you now ... coming
home with a set of
trains for the baby!

Yeah,
so he
can
CHEW
on
them!!

So are
you!!

Sure
thing!



Why are
we here?

To advance the
film's plot?

How do we do that?

Hah! And audiences
think they can get
away from the rank
commercialism of
television by go-
ing to the movies!!

For one
very good
reason!

No, to defray
some of the
film's cost!

By giving plugs
to companies who
pay through the
nose for them!



You think I'm going to go
over the falls and perish?

Watch
this!



You know, Chief ...
I think it would be
a lot smarter if we
hired **GNAWS** instead
of **JAMES BOMB**!

Why do you say that?

Because **GNAWS** is
INDESTRUCTIBLE
and doesn't need
all those expensive
gimmicks we
give Bomb! We'd
save a **FORTUNE**!!



I see
Mr.
Bomb
is
deeply
affected
by all
this!

Oh? How
can you
tell?

Wow! Who said **Doger**
Mooored can't show
different emotions?

He's
raising
an
eyebrow!

Unfortunately,
he raises an
eyebrow for
EVERY emotion!



I hijacked
my own
"Moonfaker"
because I
needed it to
complete my
bold plan!

What bold plan ... ?

To change the Exist-
ing Order! To alter
it beyond recogni-
tion and completely
control the world!

You're too late,
Dreks! It's al-
ready been done!

What? ?
By
whom? !

By the
OPEC
Nations!

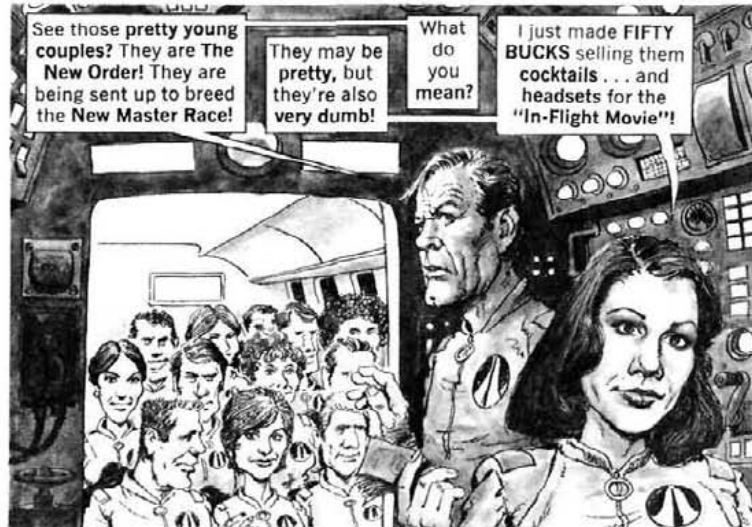


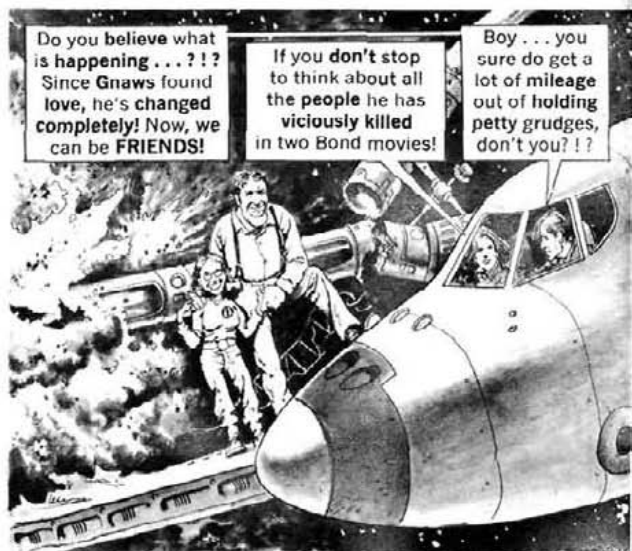
See those pretty young
couples? They are The
New Order! They are
being sent up to breed
the **New Master Race**!

They may be
pretty, but
they're also
very dumb!

What
do you
mean?

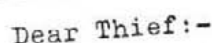
I just made **FIFTY**
BUCKS selling them
cocktails ... and
headsets for the
"In-Flight Movie"!





WHY GO TO THE UNNECESSARY EXPENSE AND BOTHER OF INSTALLING ALARMS OR OTHER

SURE-FIRE BURGLAR DET



Dear Thief:-
We spent \$100 on our stereo set, and
\$800 on our burglar alarm! The guy
next door spent \$800 on his stereo
set, and \$100 on his burglar alarm!
P.S. The guy across the street doesn't
even have a burglar alarm!

THE HEAT IS OFF!!
THERE'S NO HOT WATER!
THE PHONE IS OUT!!
THE BASEMENT IS
FLOODED!

I'M JUST WAITING FOR
THE NEXT * & \$ TO
SET FOOT IN
THIS HOUSE!



SOME OF THE ITEMS IN THIS HOUSE HAVE BEEN ENGRAVED WITH FEDERAL IDENTIFICATION NUMBERS. OTHERS HAVE MERELY BEEN WIRED TO EXPLODE WHEN TOUCHED! SO LOTS OF LUCK!

RESIDENCE OF MADAM OLGA

THE WITCH WHOSE BLACK POWERS
CAN KILL WITH A MERE THOUGHT

Dear Mailman,

Dear Mailman,
We found bloodstains all over
our mail. They must be yours. Next
time you put the mail into our slot,
please be sure to keep all parts of
your body well clear of the opening.

The Lipskins

The Lipkins

P.S. Any sign of that book we sent
for: "The Care And Feeding Of Wild
Jungle Cats"?



FORMS OF SECURITY SYSTEMS TO DISCOURAGE THEFTS WHEN ALL YOU NEED ARE MAD'S

ERRENTS FOR THE WARY HOME OR APARTMENT DWELLER

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

空手
**MEMBER
BLACK BELT
"HANDS-OF-DEATH"
KARATE CLUB**

*Lobel Butchers:
Starting tomorrow, please
leave Eight pounds of Meat
for Brutus. Six pounds only
makes him Angry and Vicious!
Mr. & Mrs. Angel*

WARNING!
THESE PREMISES PROTECTED BY A
FINSTER
20,000 VOLT
"FRY-AND-DIE"
BURGLAR TRAP

DEAR MR. EXTERMINATOR:

BE VERY CAREFUL WHEN
YOU GO INSIDE! THE
TERMITES HAVE EATEN
THROUGH MOST OF THE
FLOORBOARDS, AND
YOU WILL FALL INTO
THE BASEMENT WHERE
ALL THE RATS ARE!

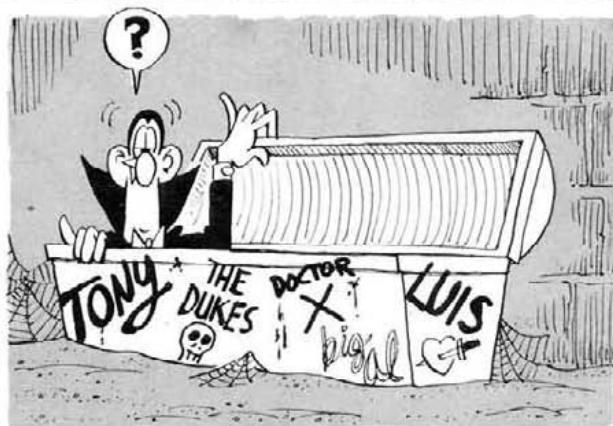
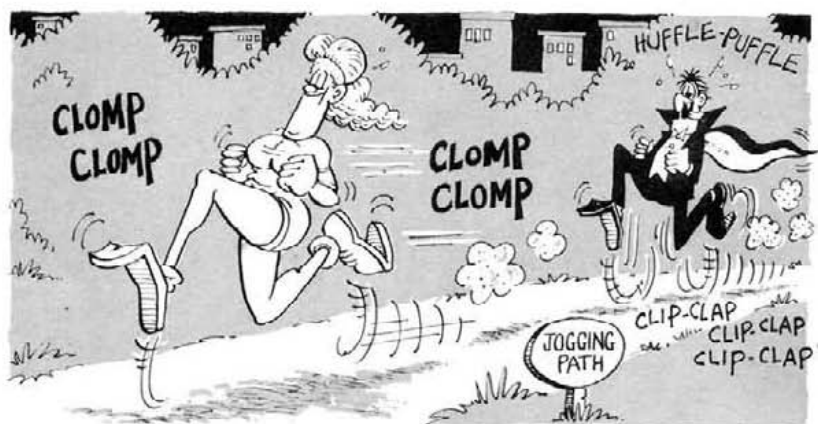
THE GLUMBACHERS-

**WE GAVE
TO THE
GODFATHER'S
"REVENGE
IS
SWEET"
SOCIETY**

*Selma—
Don't come in! The
Boa Constructor got
loose again —
Stan*

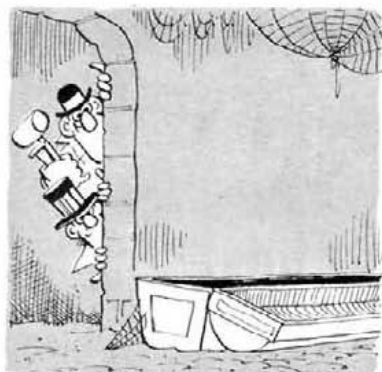
A COUNT RECEIVABLE DEPT.

DON MARTIN LOOKS AT...



RACULA





GODSELL DEPT.

If you've ever watched TV on a Sunday morning, you know what you get . . . NOT "Tom and Jerry" or "The Flintstones!" No, you get religious programs! And not only the regular religious programs, but also the "hucksters of religion," who are the **hardest-sell** people around! Hi, I'm Mike Malice, and today we're going to explore this interesting aspect of the "Religious Revival" in the United States as we interview

MAD'S "RELIGION" PROMOTER OF THE YEAR

Our subject is the prominent Clergyman and Evangelist, the Reverend Osgood Venal! Hello, Reverend Venal!

God bless you, Mike, and God bless your wonderful readers!

I'd like to ask some questions—

And God bless your questions! Welcome to "The Temple Of My Fervent Hope"!

And just what IS your fervent hope?

That no one finds out I took kickbacks from contractors and building trade unions!

I love this tabernacle! The marble cost a cool mil! The stained glass went for 800 thou! You can just feel this is a House of God, right?

I'm not sure! Didn't God tell us to forsake all worldly wealth?!

He DID?!? Then He must have said it before He created money!!



ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: STAN HART

Tell us . . . where did you get your Degree in Divinity, Reverend Venal . . . ?

At Western North Dakota Seminary!

I'm not sure I know where that campus is!

What campus?!? It's a P.O. box! You send 'em fifty bucks and you get your diploma by return mail!



So you never really worked for your Degree!

Are you kidding? I worked plenty hard selling Used Cars so I could save up the fifty bucks!

And then you stopped selling Used Cars and went into your new career?

It's the same old career! Only the product is different!







I'm holding a press conference in which I plan to announce the beginning of my new crusade against homosexuality!

You bet your buns I do! It's a threat to the Christian family structure! There are too many unmarried men doing nothing to propagate the race!

Don't think I'm not keeping my eye on Him!

Then... you consider homosexuality a sin?

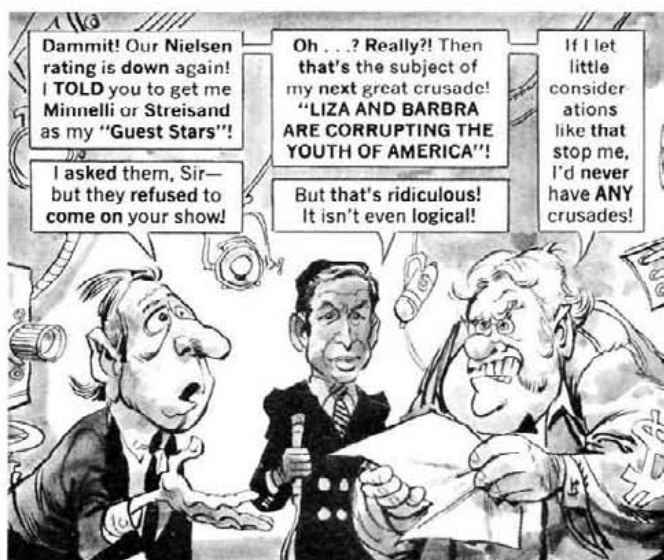
But all unmarried men aren't necessarily homosexuals!! Actually, God isn't married!



Here's where I tape my weekly sermon for TV! It's carried by over 500 stations across the country! Yes, sir... I have successfully combined religion and show business!

Well, that all depends on the ratings! Last week, it was called, "Mork & Mindy & God"! The week before—"Laverne & Shirley & The Almighty"! And this week, it's "Three's Company—If One Of Them Is HIM"!

What's the name of your show?



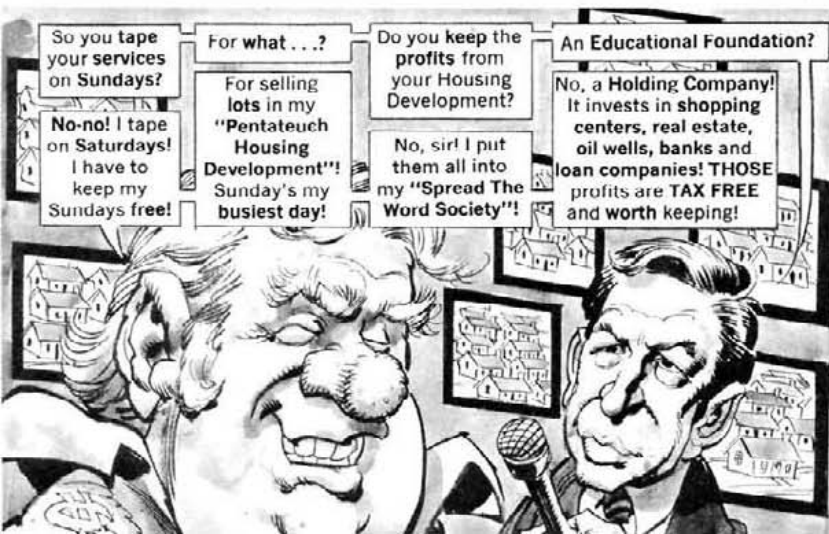
Dammit! Our Nielsen rating is down again! I TOLD you to get me Minnelli or Streisand as my "Guest Stars"!

Oh...? Really?! Then that's the subject of my next great crusade! "LIZA AND BARBRA ARE CORRUPTING THE YOUTH OF AMERICA"!

If I let little considerations like that stop me, I'd never have ANY crusades!

I asked them, Sir—but they refused to come on your show!

But that's ridiculous! It isn't even logical!



So you tape your services on Sundays?

For what...?

Do you keep the profits from your Housing Development?

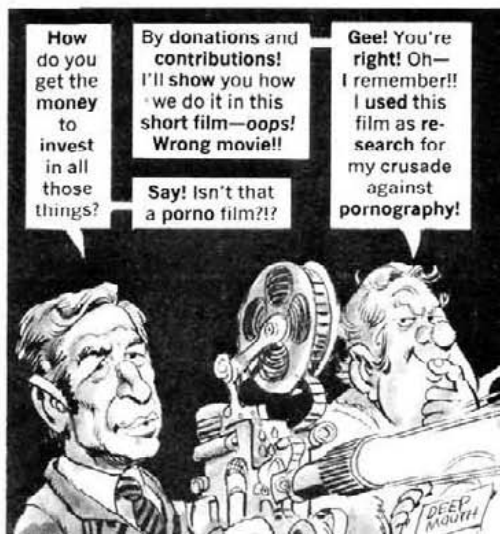
An Educational Foundation?

No-no! I tape on Saturdays! I have to keep my Sundays free!

For selling lots in my "Pentateuch Housing Development"! Sunday's my busiest day!

No, sir! I put them all into my "Spread The Word Society"!

No, a Holding Company! It invests in shopping centers, real estate, oil wells, banks and loan companies! THOSE profits are TAX FREE and worth keeping!



How do you get the money to invest in all those things?

By donations and contributions! I'll show you how we do it in this short film—oops! Wrong movie!!

Geel! You're right! Oh—I remember!! I used this film as research for my crusade against pornography!

Say! Isn't that a porno film???

Tell me... how do you feel about pornography?

It's nauseating! After seeing this movie 25 times, I got sick of it!

What are they doing to that Salvation Army lady?

Making her relocate! Why should she hog the best spot! Our Christmas campaign is so successful, I plan on doing it again in June!

You can't do that! Christmas is on Dec. 25th to celebrate the birth of Christ!

It IS! Sorry you told me! You screwed up a great promotion!

For a contribution of \$1000, we put the donor's name on a plaque, and attach it to a seat! We now have 5000 donors!

But you only have 2500 seats! How do you handle that...?

The people whose names begin with A to K come to the morning service! And the L's to Z's come to the afternoon service! During the break, we switch plaques!!

Here's a real good fund-raiser for us! "Our Lady Of The Hard Eight Casino"!

Absolutely right! But we take the sin out of it!

We use marked cards and loaded dice! Our parishioners aren't taking any chances here! The house always wins! Heh-heh-heh...

But aren't games of chance sinful?

Oh? How do you do that?

And who are they?

God's helpers! They run the Casino for me!

But they look like they're in "The Mob"!

"Judge not, lest ye shall be judged!" In ancient times, some people called the Twelve Apostles "The Mob"! It's all in the way you look at it!

And this is my proudest achievement... my own tax-exempt college!

I've noticed, as we've gone through your college and church, that we haven't seen any Blacks! Do you discriminate against Blacks?

Oh, that is a low blow, Mike! A low blow indeed! I most certainly do have Blacks in my college!

How many? Five!!

We share the same religious principle!

What religious principle is that...?!

Winning at all costs! I have scouts that scour ghetto schoolyards for talent!

Isn't that nice! And when they graduate?

What graduate? They play out their four years of eligibility and move on!



BYGONE BUY-GONES DEPT.

Despite all the books written about major events in history, we still know very little about the way our ancestors lived their normal, every-day lives. That's because the world didn't have Classified Telephone Directories in the past. And

STILL MORE YELLOW PA

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: TOM KOCH

His Majesty's Medieval Telephone Co. Classified Directory



(Serving The Communities of Snadely, East
Kimshot, North Blatherskite, Grubber's Cove,
Upsted, Smurnwell and a portion of Weed.)

► Interior Decorators

DEMAND A WELL TRAINED,
ALL-ROUND FOOL

Why Bore Your Castle Guests With
A Jester Whose After-Dinner Show
Consists Of Nothing But Bell
Jingling or Somersaults?

Our Employees Are Masters
Of All Phases Of Foolishness:

Hilarious Pratfalls
Dirty Limerick Reciting
Impersonations of Famous Noblemen
Bird Calls
Off-Key Lute Strumming

Phone Now For A Free Audition—No Obligation Tower of London Basement BELClang 5-8000



► Armor—Sales & Service

G. & R. METALLIC CLOTHIERS

LATEST FASHIONS FOR MEN IN YOUR
CHOICE OF CHAIN MAIL OR CAST IRON

Also Cute Matching Ensembles For
You And Your Horse

21 Junkmongers' Row... FOorsooth 8-6166

JIFFY ARMOR REPAIR

Emergency House Calls Made

To Pry Open Stuck Visors

And Unbolt Locked Knee Joints

14 Alley of Thieves Hingesqueak 8-1072

► Chivalry

Day & Knight Service

42 Knightsbridge Rd. JOuster 5-6161

KELLY BOYS

TEMPORARY CHIVALROUS HELP

Hire One Of Our Qualified Knights By
Day, Week Or Month To Handle Your
Work Backlog Of Maiden Rescuings, Etc.

Stall No. 9,

☐ Hucksters' Market ONguard 4-1196

WEIRD WALTER'S REPTILE FARM

Save Money On Your Next Chivalry Job
By Kissing One Of Our Frogs And
Creating Your Own Handsome Prince.

1328 Highwaymans' Highway WARTlips 2-3346

► Court Jesters

Carterre, Billy,

18 Buffoons' Lane GOober 8-3094



there's no substitute for reading The Yellow Pages to find out how a community lives and works. So let's suppose the telephone had been invented in the time of the Middle Ages, and phone books appeared soon after. Here is a MAD look at

GES THROUGH HISTORY

*THIS IS PART III OF A CONTINUING SERIES. THE "COLONIAL YELLOW PAGES" WILL APPEAR NEXT.

THE ULTIMATE IN TERROR FOR HOME OR COMMERCIAL USE

Your One-Stop Headquarters For
"Maiden-Deform" Brand Iron Maidens
Genuine "Thumb-Fun" Thumb Screws
"E-Z-Grip" Brand Spiked Clubs
Racks (Sizes 4-foot-10 to 6-foot-6)

"Making Your Enemies Scream Since 1094" Number 14 Manglers' Square

APEX DUNGEON SUPPLIES
PHONE—Slowdeath 7-0558



Compleat Fool, Ltd.,
Tower of London
Basement BEllclang 5-8000
(See Our Display Ad This Page)

ETHELREDE & SON OF ETHELREDE TALENT AGENCY

Fifty Dim-Witted Jugglers
Under Contract To Serve You

"Supplying The Kingdom With
Fools Since 1321"

77 Sunsette Strippe...FLeshpeddler 9-5951

Physicians & Other Sorcerers

AXELROD OF FLEETWOOD, M.D.

SPECIALIZING IN THE TREATMENT
OF FITS & SEIZURES

Fully Trained In The Use Of Leeches, Also Lead Transmuted To Gold
Mystical Powders, Etc. While You Wait

44 Street of the QuacksMAIpractice 7-8180

IGOR THE DROOLING, M.D.

PRACTICE LIMITED TO
EXPERIMENTAL SURGERY
Member Of The Transylvanie State
Medical Dissectors' Association

24 Plaza of FilthBATwing 9-4428

Pubs

THE KNAVE & BULLFEATHER

Live Druid Chanting Nightly No Churls Under 21 Admitted

37 Street of the Winos...STumblebum 5-6623

The Knight Club,
63 Drunken Walk ROTgut 3-2189
(See Our Display Ad This Page)

Scribes

CLOISTERED MONASTERY COPYING SERVICE

Let Our Skilled Monks Create An
Illuminated Manuscript From Your
Scribbled Sonnet Or Royal Edict

Only Highest Quality Vellum Used Fast Delivery Within Five Years Guaranteed

Dank Cell No. 27,
Foggy Mountain TRappist 4-5779

Singers & Musical Groups

The Old Christie Minstrels
36 Alley of Tenors HARmony 7-2123

WALLED CITY ROLLERS

BUFFO GROUP WILL LIVEN UP YOUR
CORONATION, WEDDING FEAST OR
PUBLIC HANGING WITH SMASH HIT
MADRIGALS FROM THE TOP FORTY

44 Toe Tappers' Lane... GRoupie 4-3897

Social Service Agencies

BEDLAM

LOW YEARLY OR LIFETIME RATES
FOR KEEPING THE LOONY IN YOUR
FAMILY OUT OF CIRCULATION

Iron Window Bars And All Other
Modern Psychiatric Facilities Offered

Trained Keepers On Duty 24 Hours A Day

Far End of Dead-End Road BLOODcurdle 5-0808

ROBIN HOOD & HIS MERRY MEN

"SERVING THE POOR BY
MUGGING THE RICH"

Call Us To Help You With Your Next Highway Robbery Why Go To Debtors' Prison When Our Competent Crooks Can Steal What You Need?

Rural Route 1,
Nottingham SHERwood 8-3188

Torture Devices

Apex Dungeon Supplies
14 Manglers' Square SLOWdeath 7-0558
(See Our Display Ad This Page)

RODNEY'S RENT-A-TRUNCHEON

Complete Line of Persuasion
Equipment For Witch Hunts,
Inquisitions & General Fun

Available By Hour, Day Or Week We Deliver

91 Scummy Water
Parkway SKullbuster 7-6564

Sturdy-Maid Interrogation Devices,
28 Agony Alley CONFessall 4-4419

Torture Studios

DINWIDDIE'S DUNGEON

Bring Your Enemies Or Relatives To
Us For Full Confessions Under The
Sadistic Guidance Of Our Trained Staff

Advance Reservations For Rack Space Required Not Responsible For Victims Left Over Thirty Days

53 Boulevard of Broken Legs CLOBber 8-4725

TED & BRUCIE'S PLACE

CALL US FIRST IF YOUR "THING"
IS BEING BEATEN TO DEATH
BY FOUR BUTCH GUYS WEARING
BLACK LEATHER CAPES

41 Lavender Lane STRangefellow 2-0711

Travel Agents

FLAT WORLD TRAVEL SERVICE

NOW ACCEPTING RESERVATIONS FOR THE
FOURTH CRUSADE AND MARCO POLO'S
VOYAGE TO FAR CATHAY

Why Settle For A Two-Week Vacation
When We Can Send You On A Trip
That Will Last A Whole Lifetime?

Wharfside Stall No. 8 JOYride 3-9124

A MAD LOOK AT THE SILENT



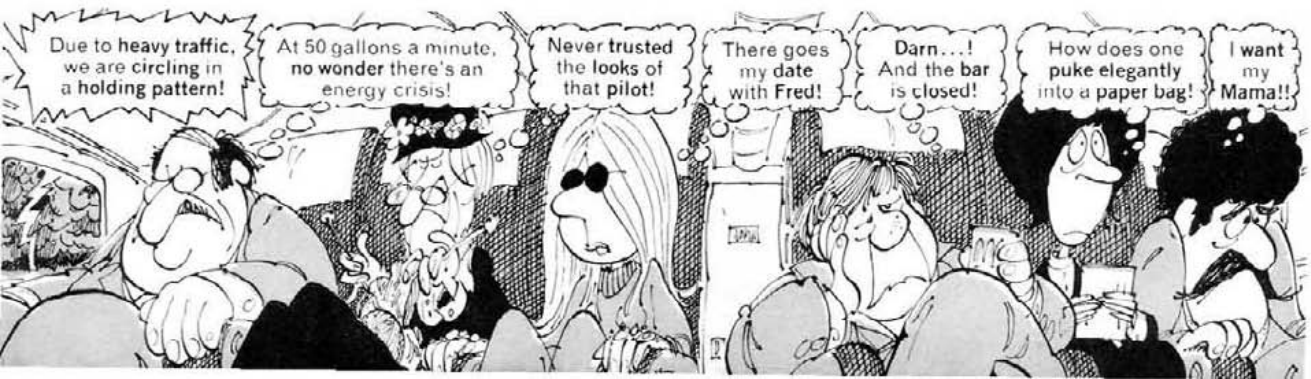
thinking AUDIENCE



ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES





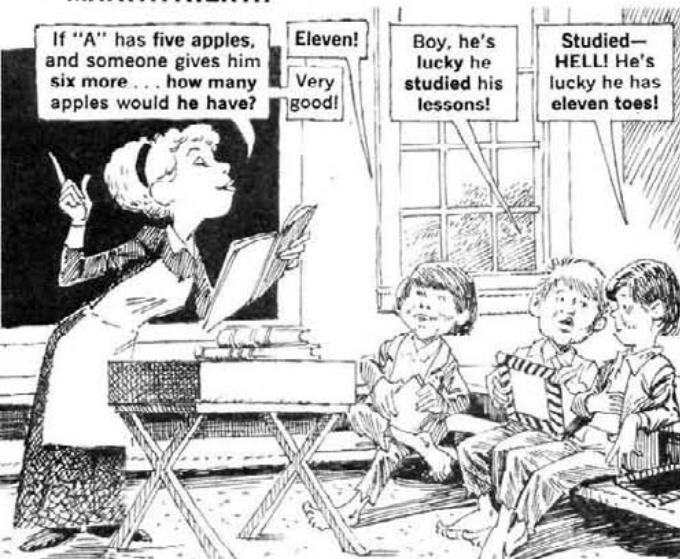
Several times in past issues, we've explored the changes that have taken place in our educational system. Among other things, we've seen how attitudes, dress and the life-styles of students have changed over the decades. Now, here is . . .

A MAD LOOK AT THE CHANGING TOOLS OF EDUCATION

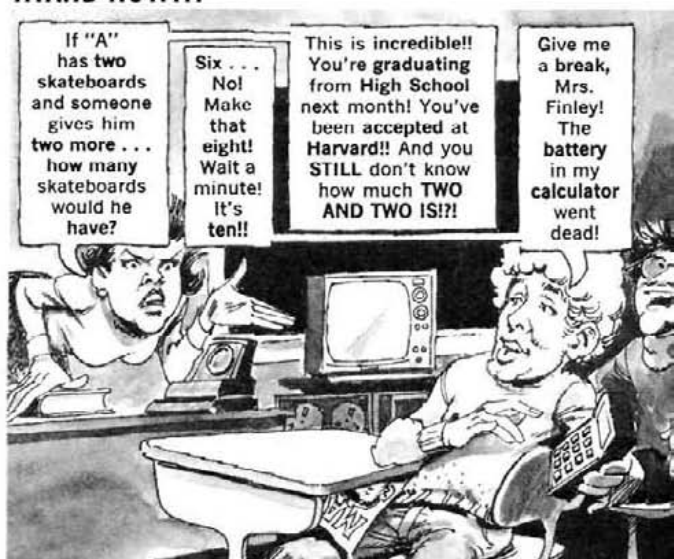
ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

MATH...THEN...



...AND NOW...



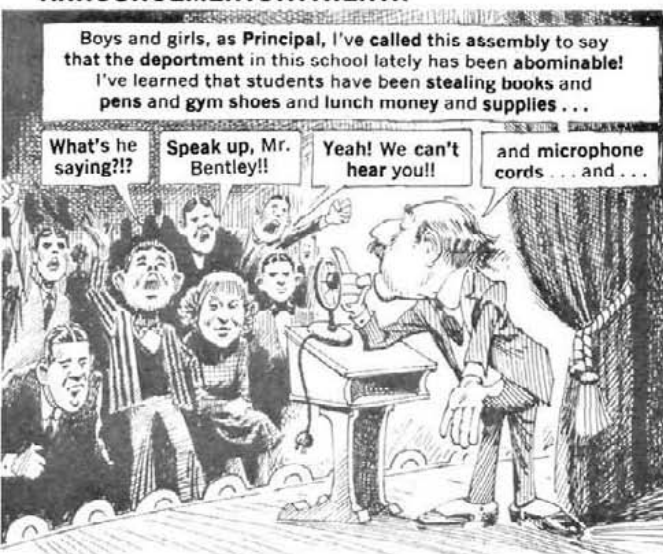
TAKING NOTES...THEN...



...AND NOW...



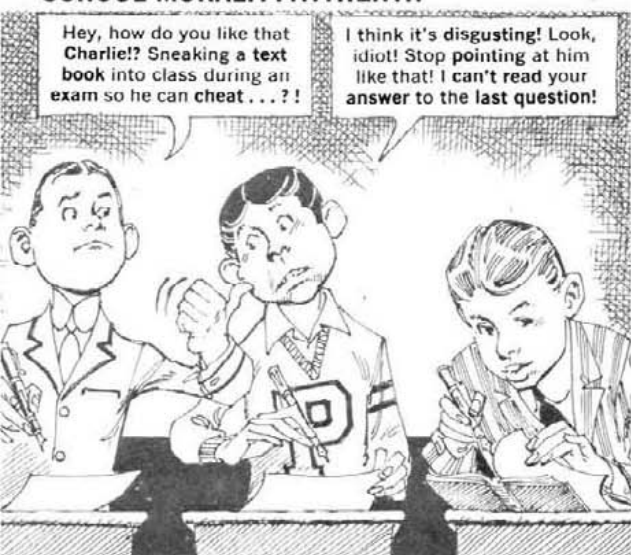
ANNOUNCEMENTS...THEN...



...AND NOW...



SCHOOL MORALITY...THEN...



...AND NOW...



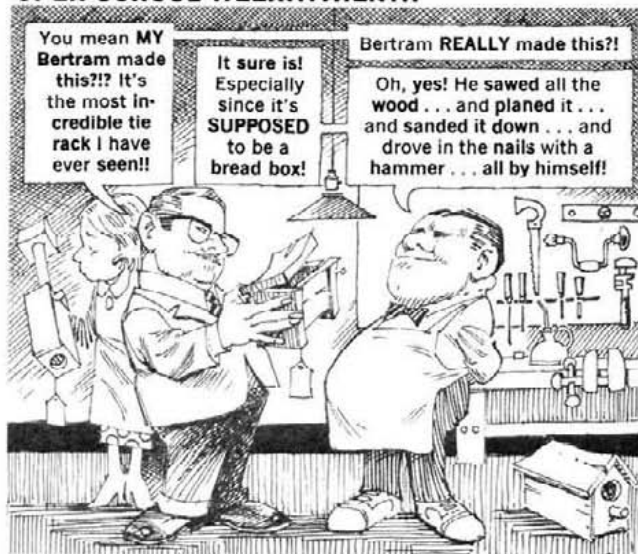
LANGUAGE CLASS...THEN...



...AND NOW...



OPEN SCHOOL WEEK...THEN...



...AND NOW...



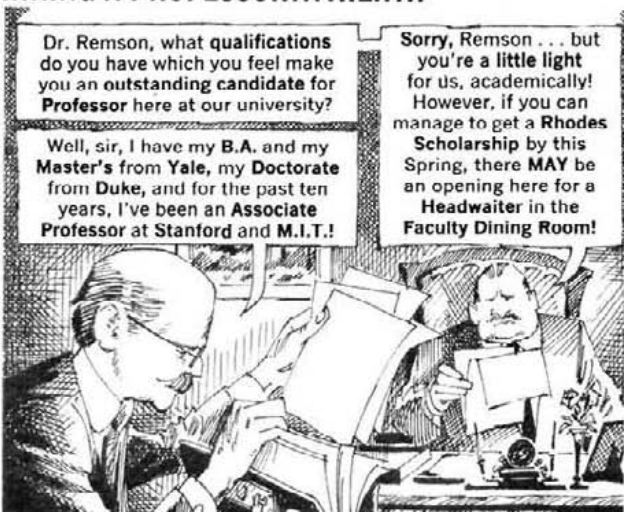
TAKING EXAMS...THEN...



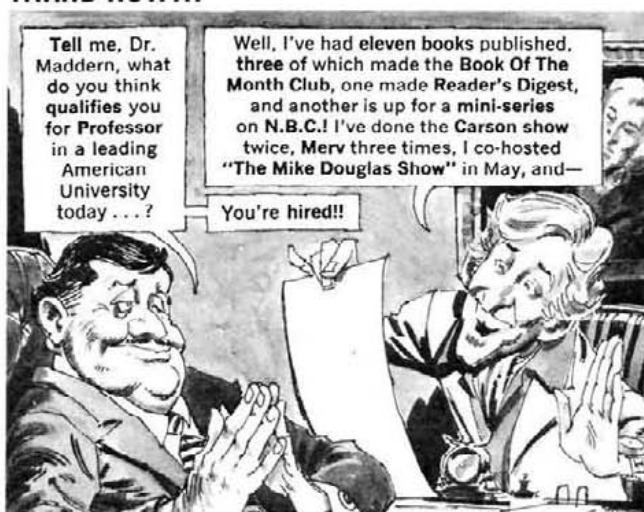
...AND NOW...

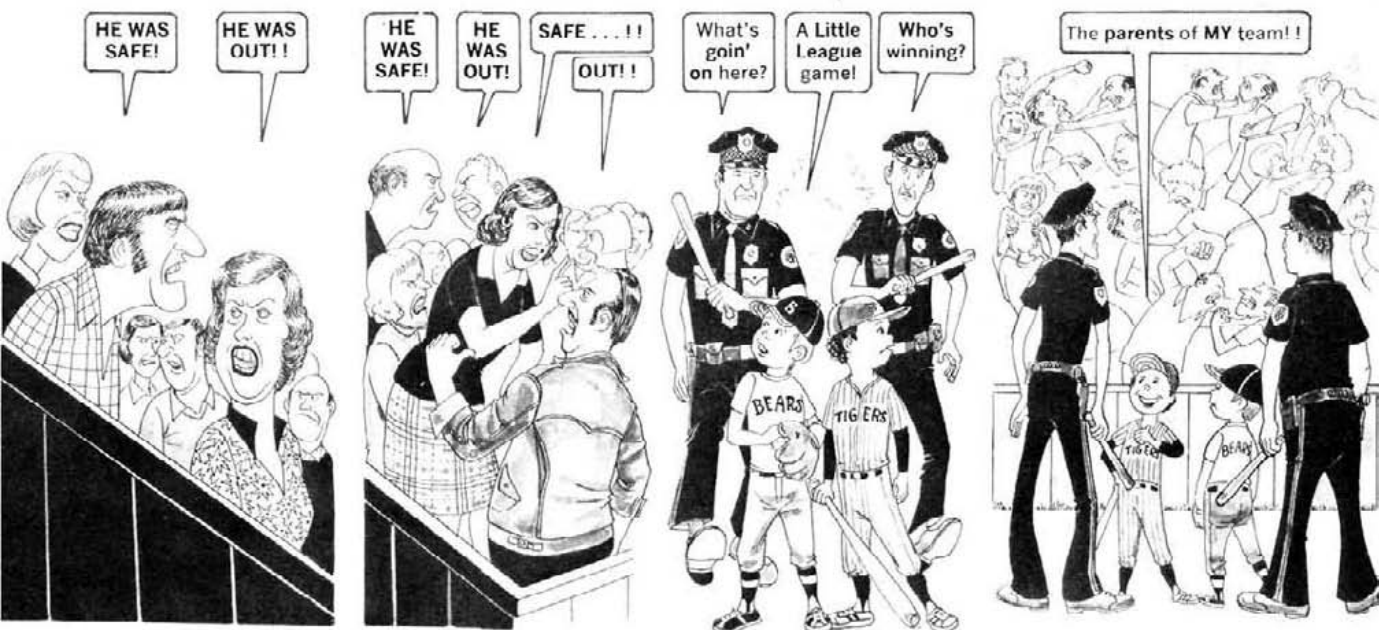


HIRING A PROFESSOR...THEN...



...AND NOW...

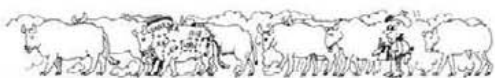
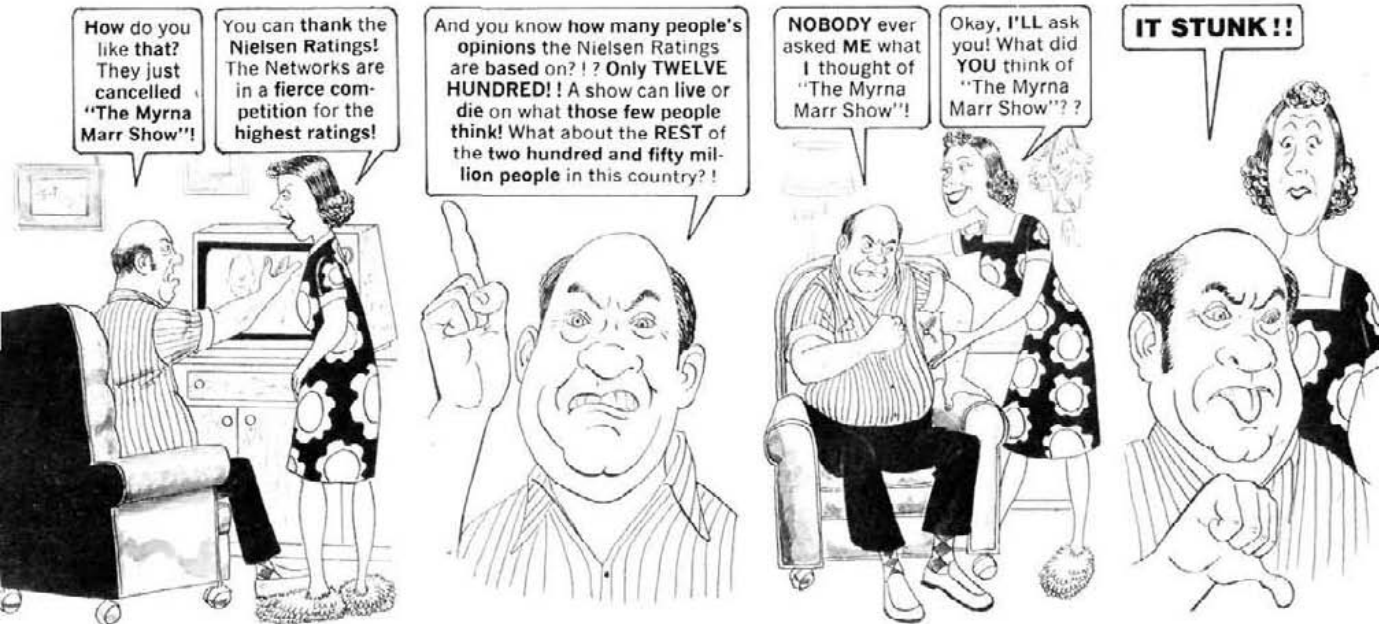




BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

COM





It's almost like the old days! We're in a **PRICE WAR** with the gas station across the street!

Are you kidding?! At a time of gas shortages . . . ? ?

That makes the competition even fiercer!

So who's winning!

Right now, **WE** are! !

OUR prices are **HIGHER!** !



COMPETITION

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

I've got a classic rivalry going on in my home! The little one and the big one are **BOTH** constantly competing for my attention!

The big one is the worst! He's jealous of the little one! He pulls all sorts of tricks to beat him out! He even throws **temper tantrums!**

I'm going out of my **MIND!** !

How many children do you have in your family?

Just **THOSE TWO!** !





Welcome to the neighborhood! I live right next door in the look-alike house! How much did you pay for yours?

I got it from the previous owner for \$100,000!

Wow! That shows you what inflation will do! Twenty years ago, I only paid \$27,000 for mine!

Oh boy! That hurts! I guess I paid through the nose!

I see you met our new neighbor! What do you think of him?

Not very much!

He's a poor dumb slob who lives in a CHEAP HOUSE!!



Hi, there! I'd like to welcome you to your first day on the job!

Thanks! Now, let's lay down some ground rules at the outset! I am a Militant Women's Libber! I'm getting equal pay for equal work!

Okay! That's the way it should be!

And since this is a commission job, I intend to give you plenty of competition without expecting any privileges!

Okay... if that's the way you want it! But you'll have to excuse me right now! I see a potential customer...

Hold it there, Buster!!

LADIES FIRST...!!



There goes Ed McGilla, the crud who SPOILS it for the REST of us!

In every test, that rat manages to come out top of the class!

How does he do it?

HE CHEATS!!

When the rest of us leave the dorm to go down to the Beer Joint and booze it up with chicks, HE sneaks back to the Administration Building!!

And he steals the EXAMS?!

Worse than THAT...!

HE STUDIES!!



I went to apply for a job today, and hundreds of others showed up! We had to fill out a questionnaire and submit a resume! When I saw what the others were putting down, I knew I was under-qualified!

So I lied like hell! I filled pages and pages with things I never really did! It was a magnificent piece of fiction!

So did you get the job?

Nope!

How come ... ??

I was OVER-qualified! !

You play so FEROCEOUSLY!

You bet! I'm out for blood!

I can remember being taught, "It matters NOT if you WIN or LOSE, but HOW you play the game!"

That's sissy talk! Vince Lombardi said, "Winning isn't everything ... it's the ONLY thing! !"

THAT'S why I show my opponent NO MERCY! I'm out to MURDER THE BUM! !

Playing SOLITAIRE ... ? !

It's not fair! Mommy loves YOU more than she loves ME! !

I wish it was true, but it ain't!

Mommy, don't you love FREDDY more than you love ME! ?

How can you SAY that? ! ?

My children are like fingers on my hand! If I bang my thumb, it hurts as much as if I bang my pinky! And I feel the same way about the two of you!

You BOTH give me a pain! !

GIVIN' 'EM A RIBBIN' DEPT.

Why restrict the awarding of medals to the military? After all, Civilians perform heroic acts while fighting life's daily battles as well! Let's recognize them with

THIS ISSUE'S PROPOSED MAD MEDALS

... TO BE PRESENTED TO DESERVING WORKING PEOPLE

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

THE JOB-EFFICIENCY
MEDAL



Presented to blue collar workers who manage to remain on the job without getting fired while half asleep (on Fridays) and hung over (on Mondays), even though the quality of work produced is disgraceful and dangerous.

THE PIGGY-BACK
PARTS AWARD



Goes to repairmen who courageously replace an entire mechanical system in a car or an appliance, even though only a tiny part of it is malfunctioning... thus protecting thousands of jobs in the "Parts Manufacturing" industries.

THE PURLOINED
PAPER CLIP MEDAL



Goes to white collar workers who create fringe benefits by using company supplies and services, and by taking home anything that isn't nailed down. These are lots better than pay raises, since no taxes are collected on them.

THE SILVER
TONGUE AWARD



Awarded to salespersons who bravely face suckers who come into the store for advertised bargains that do not exist, and manage to switch them into buying costlier but inferior products, thereby boosting our entire economy.

THE UNION MEDAL
OF HONOR



Presented to workers who blindly respond and heroically serve on picket lines without questioning the issues, the motives or anything else involved in strike situations, just as long as it means more money in their pockets.



WHAT IS A

Between the time your parents first send you off to the Hilly Acres Summer Camp and the time your children last send you off to the Holy Acres Cemetery, you are sure to encounter a type of brash, brassy, brazen, braying braggart known as a Show-Off. Most people hate Show-Offs with the same passion that they hate tornadoes. This is because both phenomena make entirely too much noise, are filled with hot air, spin around on their own axis, always arrive without warning and never leave as soon as you wish they would.

The typical latent Show-Off will first display symptoms of his disturbance in early childhood when he can be observed committing such small, tell-tale acts as hanging by his heels from the school auditorium balcony, or eating crayons during the pledge to the flag, or taking off his clothes to play doctor when everyone else is playing softball, or bloodying your nose for the viewing pleasure of the new girl in class. With luck, he will cease this idiotic behavior as he matures. Without luck, he will grow up to become another Jimmy Connors.

Among those who never outgrow the scourge of Show-Offishness, specimens can be found in every color, race and creed. There are Black Show-Offs who wear garish jewelry, drive pink Continentals and habitually shout, "Hey! What's happening?" There are Latin Show-Offs who buy imitation velvet wallpaper, drive chrome-plated Chevies and spray paint their names on public buildings. There are Indian Show-Offs who wear phony buckskin, beat on phony tom-toms and stage sit-in protests for the sole purpose of having them seen on the six o'clock news. Then, too, there are White Show-Offs. But all they do is wear garish jewelry, spray paint their names on public buildings, drive pink Continentals, stage sit-in protests and shout, "Hey! What's happening?" during such events as symphonic concerts, graveside ceremonies and High Masses conducted by the Pope.

Though modern society is tragically overburdened with Acute Flashers, Addicted Flaunters and Assorted Flakes, it's still easy to spot a true Show-Off in any crowd. He's the one who carries a bullhorn to cocktail parties so everyone in the room will have to listen to his jokes. He's the one who brings his own magazines to the doctor's waiting room so the other patients will know he reads "Gentlemen's Quarterly." And he's the one who always orders in French, even at McDonald's . . . where he's also the one who demands to see the manager because the place doesn't have an adequate wine list.

Without question, a Show-Off is a unique form of humanity. Who else would run 99 yards in the Super Bowl, and then get tackled on the one-yard line because that's where he stopped to pose for photographers? Who else would toil for years to build a profitable business just so he can do his own TV commercials? Who else would "burn rubber" to accelerate from zero-to-sixty in nine seconds when he's only driving to the corner for a quart of milk? And who else would have custom Christmas cards printed just so everyone can see how cute he looks in his Santa Claus suit?



SHOW OFF?

Show-Offs have a knack for upsetting everyone around them as they splash their way through the puddle of life. They debilitate their parents, nauseate their teachers and alienate their classmates before moving on to adulthood where they irritate their employers and infuriate their co-workers. About the only positive thing a Show-Off ever does is stimulate the economy. After all, if there were no Show-Offs in this world, then who would buy all the purple satin bowling shirts and artificial home waterfalls and iridescently painted dune buggies and strapless, backless, almost frontless evening gowns?

One thing you have to admire about a Show-Off is his dedication. Throughout his whole life, he'll do absolutely anything to make people notice him. At the age of ten, he'll risk violent nausea to be seen chewing a mouthful of his father's pipe tobacco. At 30, he'll risk total unemployment to entertain the secretaries with his impersonation of the boss's annoying sinus sniffle. At 50, he'll risk painful back injury to bend his partner into a flamboyant "dip" at the Country Club Dance. And at 80, he'll risk terminal pneumonia to get his picture in the paper going for a swim on the coldest day of the year.

In a way, it's a pity on the incorrigible, incurable, insufferable Show-Off, for under all that swinish swagger, he often harbors positive qualities that have never been developed. Deep down inside, there may well exist the Self-Effacing Humility of Muhammad Ali, the Tranquil Introspection of Bella Abzug, the Noble Constraint of Idi Amin, the Blushing Modesty of Charro, the Unpretentious Charm of Ivan the Terrible and the Studious Reserve of Popeye the Sailor.

No doubt about it. At the core of his being, a Show-Off is much more than just another over-amplified guitar twanger modeling a wardrobe made up of discarded seat covers from a Tijuana taxi. He is also Thoughtful Consideration blowing smoke from a cheap cigar, Sound Judgment singing dirty fraternity songs at an All-Campus Convocation, Quiet Dependability doing wheelies on a stolen motorcycle, a Firm Handshake clutching a concealed joy buzzer, Somber Reflection wearing a lampshade on his head and the Face of Maturity bathed in eerie light from the glow of his own electrified bow tie.

Show-Offs rarely choose to spend their lives as bodyguards for the President or bookkeepers for the Syndicate or consultants for a Swiss bank. More often, they prefer careers as professional skywriters or televised faith healers or Marine Band drum majors. But even when a Show-Off accidentally winds up in some anonymous job like Top Secret Under-Cover Agent, he never really loses his lifelong craving to step into the spotlight. And you can bet that someday, when he's receiving blueprints in the shadow of the Berlin Wall or exchanging microfilm in the silence of the Peking Library, he will blow his cover by impulsively blurting out the familiar cry of the born Show-Off:

"HEY, EVERYBODY! LOOK AT ME!"

ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES

WRITER: TOM KOCH



Americans are bemoaning the fact that the Arabs are overcharging us for their oil, and then adding insult to injury by bringing the money back here to buy up most of desirable real estate and our most precious art treasures. So MAD asks: Why don't we do something about it? With our famed Yankee ingenuity, we should be able to con-

SURPLUS ITEMS WE CAN

OUR SURPLUS POLYESTER LEISURE SUITS



When the Great American Leisure Suit Fad went blooey a few years ago, merchants were stuck with hundreds of thousands of unsold garments, mostly in loud colors and portly sizes. (It's even possible that the New Orleans Superdome had to be built for the sole purpose of storing away left-over leisure suits that didn't fit into other warehouses!) The Arabs are natural customers for this vast accumulation... especially since most of them are portly, but only a few of them have mirrors to see how idiotic they look in them.

"GREATEST TUNES OF THE JOHNNY MANN SINGERS"



Couple the fact that Arabs are the world's most dedicated skeet shooters with the fact that unsalable LP phonograph records make terrific clay pigeons, and a new method of bolstering the U.S. economy quickly appears. Best of all, scientists predict that we'll keep replenishing our stockpile of unsalable records as long as we need Arab oil. It is only a suggestion that we begin this export trade with "Johnny Mann" records. We could probably do just as well with some of the less popular selections of Johnny Desmond, Tony Martin, Jerry Vale, Buddy Greco, Al Martino, Rosemary Clooney, Dorothy Collins, Julie London and Tommy Leonetti.

OUR PERPETUAL SUPPLY OF RASPBERRY SHERBERT



Americans obviously hate raspberry sherbet, as evidenced by the fact that restaurants always have plenty left, even after they've run out of every other dessert on the menu. Meanwhile, Arabs and their camels go around with notoriously rotten dispositions because they're sweaty, thirsty and have their throats filled with hot, scratchy sand. Sending them our tons of unwanted raspberry sherbet will make everyone happy, including owners of oil tankers that currently carry no cargo on their return trips to the Middle East.

NORTH DAKOTA



North Dakota is a good example of the type of Real Estate we should be trying harder to palm off on Middle Eastern investors. After all, it's the only state in the U.S. that has been losing population steadily for 50 years because its residents want to get away from the cold. On the other hand, Arabs have no place to go where they can get away from the heat. Surely they would pay \$10,000 an acre for a cool resort area with a nice northerly breeze. Considering the size of North Dakota, that adds up to enough cash to keep us well supplied with Arab oil for several months.

vince those Middle Eastern oil billionaires that they really ought to spend their U.S. dollars on the very items we'd love to unload. Employing this "hard sell" technique, we could soon get our money back without giving up a single thing that we'd prefer to keep. MAD shows how painlessly we could balance our trade deficit with...



N SELL TO THE ARABS

ARTIST: HARRY NORTH, ESQ.

WRITER: TOM KOCH

THE PHILADELPHIA '76 ERS



Most everyone in this country, including absolutely everybody in Philadelphia, is fed up with these hotshots for never learning to play together as a team. But think what a sensation they'd be in Kuwait, where nobody knows what a basketball team is supposed to do anyway. Add to this the snob appeal of having the only N.B.A. franchise east of Boston (or west of Seattle, if you're going the other way), and the result is a multi-million-dollar bargain that any oil rich Arab country would rush to grab, given the chance.

FIVE MILLION HOMELESS KITTENS



It's common knowledge among those of even marginal intelligence that the U.S. has a huge supply of unwanted kittens. But how many have considered the equally common knowledge that the whole Arab world is one gigantic mound of Kitty Litter? Surely this means that any oil rich country would willingly pay ten bucks a kitten to get its sand kicked up and rearranged as only an industrious American cat can do.

CANCELLED TV SHOWS



To squeeze some really big money out of cancelled American TV shows, we mustn't merely sell the Arabs our old filmed episodes to re-run. Instead, we should unload the whole works, including all the sets, props and costumes needed to produce completely new episodes in Arabic. "Baretta," "Police Woman," "Kojak," etc. seem like perfect shows for such a deal because there's no Arabian P.T.A. to complain about the effects of TV violence on children. In fact, there are indications that many Arab children are already violent, and that their parents want to keep them that way.

CHICKEN TAKE-OUT FRANCHISES



At the present time, Kentucky fried chicken restaurants are about as rare in Arabia as Arabian restaurants are in Kentucky. Clearly, this presents U.S. promoters with the opportunity to start blanketing the Middle East with their expensive franchises for foul bowl take-out joints. This might require some typical Yankee ingenuity in parts of the Arab World that have very few chickens. However, by adding just a little bit more breeding to the gook that's normally slathered on each piece, a fried Arabian buzzard should look enough like a domestic chicken to fool anyone.

CYCLAMATE COLA



Soft drinks containing cyclamates were pulled off shelves in the U.S. after doctors reported that they caused cancer in rats. Fortunately for our new Middle Eastern export business, these doctors didn't offer one shred of proof that cyclamates cause cancer in camels, sheep, goats or donkeys. Since these are the only forms of animal life known to exist in Arabia, there's no medical or moral reason why we shouldn't ship them our surplus supply of cyclamate cola.

INCOMPETENT TV WEATHERMEN



For years, these dimwits have garbled up weather forecasts on every TV News show from one end of America to the other. As a result, we alternate between wearing our galoshes when it's fair and getting drenched when an unpredicted hurricane strikes. Obviously, these jerks would do less damage if we exported them all to Arabia, where the weather has been the same every day for the past century. Just teach them to say, "Fair . . . and continued hot!" in Arabic, and they'll be adequately prepared for their new assignments.

SHAMEFUL FOOTBALL LETTER SWEATERS



It's traditional for American Universities to present letter sweaters to members of their varsity football squads. It's equally traditional for athletes who play at schools with crummy teams to hide their sweaters away, and seldom wear them in public. This seems like a terrible waste . . . especially since the potential Arab buyers of these letter sweaters need never know that such initials as "N" and "V" and "S" actually stand for such shameful and embarrassing words as "Northwestern" and "Vanderbilt" and "Syracuse."

MERV GRIFFIN



Merv's slyly snickered "naughty jokes" would probably be considered sensational material in those parts of the Arab World where women still wear sacks over their heads when they go out in public. To assure Merv of being a hit over there, it might be better to sell him as part of a multi-million-dollar package deal that would also include Robert Goulet, the Lennon Sisters and Paul Anka. For the good of our country, we would have to learn to live without them.

EGG TIMER GLASS



Although the Arabs haven't realized it yet, oil is not the only natural resource they have that's ripe for worldwide exploitation. They also have sand. As those of us in more technologically advanced countries know, sand is the ideal substance for filling egg timers. But, without U.S. glass to hold the sand, the Arabs have a rather slim chance of cornering the world egg timer market. So it doesn't take a genius to see that this one item alone could help balance our entire trade deficit with the oil producing countries.

DISCARDED CHRISTMAS TREES



Most Americans assume that nothing presents a more unpleasant sight than those old dried-out Christmas trees that we throw out right after the holidays. However, we never stop to think that Arabs living in the desert don't even know what a healthy tree is supposed to look like. Upshot: We miss a great chance to sell millions of dead trees every January, and the Arabs miss a great chance to stick them all in the ground and create their first National Forest.

A ROLLING STALLONE GATHERS MORE GROSS DEPT.

Remember not too long ago when rotten people were the heroes of American movies? Amoral guys like motorcycle riders and fat, boozy, middle-aged guys who gunned down teenagers? Then, a few years back, along came a Boxer named "Rocky," and everything changed! Suddenly, as in the glorious films of the past, the average movie-goer found things in "Rocky" that he could *really* identify with: decency, honesty, stupidity! Anyway, the picture made over 50 million dollars, and suddenly the studio found something *it* could identify with: greed! So it made a sequel! Well, we did our version of the original movie in MAD #194 . . . and being just as greedy, we've made a sequel version of the sequel. Get ready for . . .

ROC

How come I get the feeling that I've seen this fight before? !?

That's because you **HAVE** seen it before, stupid! It's the last scene of the original movie! It's used to introduce the sequel!

You can **DO** it, Rockhead! You're gonna be **CHAMP!** !

YOU'RE cheering for a guy who lost a fight we already saw . . . and I'M stupid? ?

Hey . . . look at Rockhead! He's got a dumb, glassy look on his face! How long can he go on like this? !

Probably another 50 years! He looked like that **BEFORE** the fight started!

Isn't this absolutely incredible? ! Rockhead is **STILL ON HIS FEET!** !

Yeah! ! **NOBODY** stays up **THIS LATE** in Philadelphia!



Hey, you're doin' great, Rockhead! But . . . say d' woid an' I'll stop the fight!

It's really fantastic! A poor unknown bum, almost going the distance with the Champ!

He don't look so poor to me!

Well, look again! His Trainer is about to throw in a **PAPER TOWEL!** !

I **LOVE** you, Rockhead! I **LOVE** you!

Hey, who's that?

It's Atrium, his girlfriend! It's the old story all over again: "**Beauty and the Beast!**"

Ahh, she don't look **THAT** bad!

You call this a **FIGHT?** It's **DISGUSTING!** ! **STOP** it! ! It's too **VIOLENT!** Too **BRUTAL!** Too **BLOODY!** !

Shaddup, you lousy Pinko! It's people like you who wanna **destroy** the American Way of Life!



KHEAD II



They didn't believe in me! Nobody believed in me! But YOU believed ... huh, Atrium?

I never stopped believing in you, Rockhead! Not for a single moment! I always knew you were going to be pounded into a bloody pulp!

I'm glad I didn't let you down!



ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

I bet I look disgusting! I bet the sight of my face an' ears makes you sick ... right?

Look ... when you love somebody, you love a WHOLE PERSON! The last thing I think about is your face and your ears! Now, stop being so sensitive! When you're feeling better, I'm going to cook you a nice homemade meal!

Like what? ?

How about some chopped meat and cauliflower —Whoops!!



WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

We're wasting our time on this beat-up poor slob! He can't afford ten grand for plastic surgery!

Wait! Here's my plan! We'll bob his nose ... change him to a blond ... shorten him about 4 inches ... and put freckles on his nose!

What'll THAT give us?

Robert Redford! HE can afford it!!



Hey, level with me, Appalling! Did you gl'me your BEST out there in the ring? ?

My BEST? ! Nothing would've given me more pleasure than to have knocked your @-=\$% brains out of your @-=\$% head! Next time, I'll splatter your guts all over the ring and use your liver to sop 'em up! How'd you like a rematch one of these days, Honky?

Okay ... on one condition! You gotta promise me it won't affect our friendship!



Atrium, I—I don't express myself too good! But right now, as I walk with you, I got like a burning feeling deep in my heart, and I'm all mixed up inside! Could you . . . ? Would you—

Oh, Rockhead, you poor silly fool! Of course I'll marry you!

Actually, I just wanted to borrow a "Rolaid"! But, well, okay . . .

... I now pronounce you "Man and Wife"! You may kiss the bride . . .

I know I ain't been too smart, but I'm improving, right? I didn't get lost on the way to the Church, and I remembered the ring, right! So—Hey, when do you think you're gonna get rid of this terrible skin condition you suddenly came down with?

As soon as you lift my veil! !

Darn! An' I was doin' so well there for a while!



Honey, now that we're married, what's the very first thing you want me to do with my fight money . . . ?

A CAR might not be a bad idea!

Wow! A new car—house—clothes! I keep forgetting I'm married to Rockhead Balbobo!

Hey, baby, it's our first wedding anniversary! Let's celebrate! Wha'd'ya say you put on your mink coat, and then we feed the goldfish and take out the garbage? ?

But NOW I remember! !

Darling . . . I got news! Soon, there's going to be the patter of little feet around the house!

You mean we—we're gonna have a baby?

No . . . Shortly Muldoon, from the Finance Company, is coming around to repossess the car!

Okay! Okay! I can take a hint! I'll get a job! !



"HE-MAN AFTER SHAVE" commercial! Take Twenty-Seven . . . "ACTION! !

Hi-there-I-always use He Man-After-Shave-Lotion-It makes-me-smell-hell . . . I mean—swell-well . . . I mean—smell-smell!

CUT! I thought I told you to fire him! !

I tried! But how do you tell a guy he's not bright enough to play a CAVEMAN! ?

Look, Balbobo . . . I'm sorry . . . but it's not working out! You can't seem to read those "Rockhead Cards"! !

I thought that, in TV, they were called "Idiot Cards"! !

Well, they've just been re-named! !

Oh . . . THAT's how you tell him! !







**GOTTA RUN, NOW... LIKE
ROCKHEAD ONE, NOW...**



Well, it ain't much
but it's a start!!

Now do that
to the Champ!!



Is there a
DOCTOR in
the house??

I'M a
Doctor! Is
anybody
sick??

No, I wanna ask you a question, Doc! If real
boxers ever landed real haymakers and upper-
cuts on the jaws of Muhammad Ali, Joe Louis
and Jack Dempsey in their prime like they do
in these movie fights, how LONG would those
guys have LASTED in the ring, would you say?

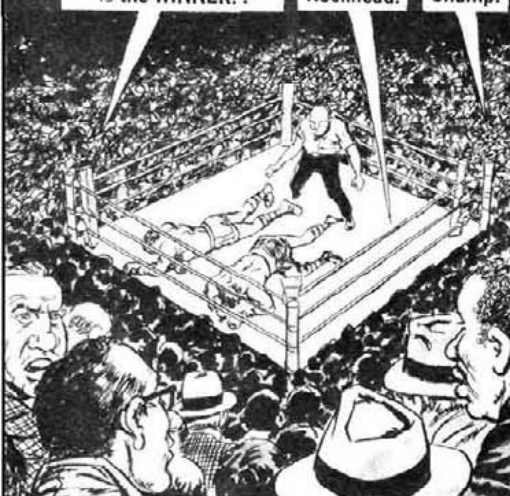
I figure about eleven seconds each!!



They're BOTH DOWN!!
Whoever gets up first
is the WINNER!!

Come
on,
Rockhead!

Get
up,
Champ!



... seven ...
... eight ...

It's too late! NEITHER one
of them is gonna make it!!



... nine ...
... te ...

ROCKHEAD MADE IT!
He's THE WINNER!!



How'd you do
it, Rockhead?
How did you
get to your
feet before
the Champ??

Sheer courage,
grim determina-
tion ... and
mainly, I sat
on Junior's
DIAPER PIN!!



Well ... that's
it! After I do
"Rockhead III",
I'm hanging up
my gloves and
my movie career
for good!!

You mean
that's going
to be the
end of the
"Rockhead"
saga forever?

Are
you
kidding?
Why it's
practically
just
beginning!!



Take a look at "ROCKHEAD IV
... V ... and VI ...!!!"



**WHAT BIG
DISASTER
HAS
OCCURRED
ON THIS
PAGE?**

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS
MAD FOLD-IN

Every day, we hear of some new threat to our way of life. But on this page, a really big disaster has taken place. To find out what it is, fold in page.

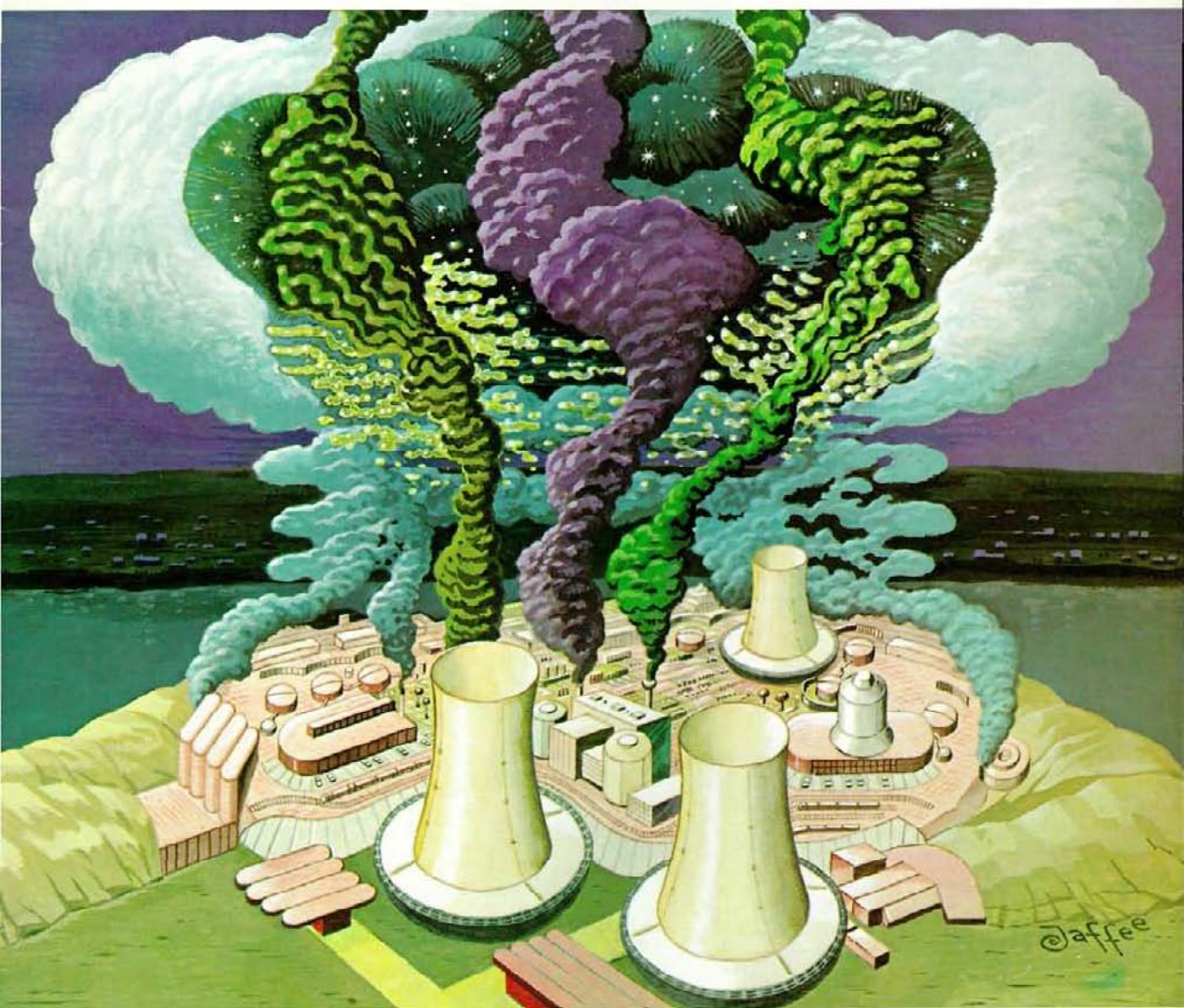


FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

NUCLEAR SCARES ARE WITH US . . . AND WE ALL HAVE TO
FACE IT. ALL OVER THE WORLD, PEOPLE ARE BUSY HOLD-
ING MEETINGS SO THEY CAN QUICKLY PINPOINT AND
IDENTIFY ANY POSSIBLE THREAT TO THEIR LIVING AREA!

A▶

◀B

